Western Reserve Chronicle

W.F.PORTER Sc.

PUBLISHED BY HAPGOOD & ADAMS. EMPIRE BLOCK.

A Weekly Family Journal, Devoted to Freedom, Agriculture, Literature, Education, Local Intelligence, and the News of the Day.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 40, NO 42. WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1856. WHOLE NO. 2070.

Poetry.

DOUGLAS' THREAT.

BY A. C. HILLS.

"We intend to subdue you."—*Senator Douglas.*

The threats of craven tyrants now
Have power no more to overawe;
The "times have changed," the Southern nod
We own no longer as our law.

Not as the former days are these;
The spirit that hath slept so long,
While traitors sold us, wakes at length
In stern defiance of the wrong!

Subdue us! What! can you subdue
The bounding pulses of the free?
Hope ye to crush with pompous threats
The awakened soul of liberty?

Think ye the soil the pilgrims trod,
With iron hearts and arms as strong,
And gave to Freedom and to God,
Hath fallen to a craven throng?

Think ye, the fire our fathers lit
Was but a false and transient flame?
Hath Bunker's Hill a meaning yet?
Is freedom but an empty name?

Subdue us! Chain the tameless winds,
And bid the ocean cease to roll!
Subdue us? No? We spurn that threat—
The offspring of a perjured soul!

There is a spirit in our time,
Serene and fearless, calm and deep;
Long hath it slept, but riseth now
Like a huge giant from his sleep!

The North, in all her countless hills,
With this stern spirit is endued;
Her love of freedom deep and strong,
Cries out "We will not be subdued!"

WHAT IS A YEAR?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream.

'Tis but a single, earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless now, and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel,
Or but a page upon the book
Which death must shortly seal.

'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary round no more.

Choice Miscellany.

THE VERMONT COUSINS.

A CAPITAL STORY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

It is too provoking, isn't it, that father will insist upon inviting that cousin to come and stay at our house and go to school! I don't see for my part, how he come to have such countried relations; but since he has, I think he might let them stay up among their own green mountains, instead of bringing them down to mortify us in the city with their awkward ways and nasal twang.

Thus spoke out Miss Julia Acton to her youngest sister Helen, after they had retired to their room one evening, during which the expected arrival of the Vermont cousin had been the theme of conversation.

"I am sure I have more reason to be mortified than you, Julia," answered Helen, "for I have to walk with her to and from school, and of course I cannot conceal from the girls that she is my cousin, and I know they will all ridicule her. Brother Ned stopped there last year, when he was traveling through New England, and he says they all say "neow," and "aboout;" and "dew tell," and I am sure I shall sink if she talks so before the girls."

"Well, I think no one has as much reason to dread her coming as I have," answered Julia, "for what do you think Herbert Furguson will say when he finds we have such a set of Yankeefied relations; he has such a horror of everything unrefined. I would not wonder if he should desert me altogether, after she comes to the house, rather than be bro't in contact with anything so vulgar. He has been more than usually attentive, too, lately, and mamma says that he is the greatest catch in town."

"Well, now, I have heard that Herbert Furguson cares only for intellect; that he thinks nothing of looks in comparison."

"I can tell you, you are mistaken. Miss Helen, if he has no regard for looks, as you say, you ought to know what he said to me lately; I won't tell you; I only wish father wasn't so obstinate, and mamma's quite as much vexed about it as we are; why even the servants will laugh at her, I know, Thomas is so exclusively genteel."

"Well, well, it can't be helped. Father feels under great obligations to Lucy's father; the brothers all agreed that father should be sent to college and the others remain at home and work on the farm to provide the means of his education, and he now thinks he ought to assist them in return. But one thing I would suggest, Miss Julia, and that is, that you have your party over before she comes; of course she will not go out, as she is only a school girl, but I know father will insist upon having her in the room, if we have company at home."

"Well thought of Helen, let's see; I'm engaged every night for a week to come; I certainly cannot get an evening till the latter part of next week; Oh! I am so afraid she will come before that time, it will just spoil all my pleasure, and I expected so much."

The invitations for Miss Julia's party were all sent out and the extensive preparations were proceeding most swimmingly, when the very day before that on which the party was to be given, a stage loaded with trunks drew up before the door of Mr. Acton's elegant mansion. From this in the first place alighted a stout sunburnt young farmer, who was immediately followed by a slender girl of sixteen years of age, the latter being none other than the much dreaded Vermont cousin.

"Well, if this isn't a little to much!" exclaimed Miss Julia, who had been drawn to the window by the bustle; here is a clodhopper head of a man cousin come too; this is rather more than we bargained for, I declare, she continued, half crying with vexation, "if that man stays here, I will pretend I am sick and countermand the invitations to my party."

Cousin Arthur Holmes proved to be a very diffident youth, and one dinner among such fine folks as the Actons, was all he could stand. He was on his way to Yale College, his uncle having from his own observations, and from what he had heard of the young man, been convinced that, to keep him laboring upon the farm, without the advantage of education, would be to hide under a light, which if trimmed and fed, and suffered to shed its beams, might shine forth for the illumination of its own and future generations. With this expectation he sought and obtained a willing consent from the elder brother, to his proposed plan of taking the education of Arthur under his care.

As I said before, Arthur was not at all at ease among his fine relatives, who with the exception of his uncle, took no pains to make him feel so, and therefore to Miss Julia's great relief, he took his departure that same evening for New Haven.

Cousin Lucy—but I am afraid you will set her down as ugly, if I simply describe her features, and she is such a favorite of mine that I could wish her to make a favorable impression upon my readers from the first. Now I cannot deny that Lucy had bright auburn hair; Julia called it red, but Julia was not always good natured, and did not always adhere so closely to the truth as she might. Lucy's nose was slightly turned up at the point, and her complexion was one of those exceedingly fair ones which easily freckle; but she had a pair of the loveliest, laughing deep blue eyes, and sweetest smile, and the most brilliant teeth, and when she spoke or smiled, (and she seldom did one without the other) there was a charm about her whole face, which made you forget hair and nose and freckles, and made you look upon it as a face.

True she had what Julia called a Yankee twang, and she was not dressed in the heighth of fashion, but in spite of these drawbacks you loved her still, at least some people did. There was a great deal more about cousin Lucy, too, to call for respect and admiration; but this will come out in good time.

As she was, she had came, and now must appear at the party, and be introduced as the cousin of the Misses Acton. It was mortifying—it was distressing, but there was no help for it now.

The evening of the party proved clear and bright, and as it was well known that the entertainment at the Acton's would be one of the most brilliant of the season, none of the invited who could get there remained absent. By ten o'clock the brilliant lighted rooms were well filled. Cousin Lucy simply attired in the white cambric, for she had rejected the ornaments and other embellishments with which the cousins for their own sakes, would have adorned her, sat alone in one corner of the sofa. She was introduced to a very few; she did not look in the least neglected, however, but sat in affected enjoyment of the new and brilliant scene.

An hour after the other guests were all assembled, sauntered in leisurely as if for a call, with hat under his arm, and his slight little cane in his hand, an exquisite of the first water, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Mr. Meredith Fitz Henry. This is one of those brilliant youths whose whole time during his day, which begins perhaps at twelve o'clock, is spent in lounging in saloons, studying the fashions, sauntering up and down Broadway, and staring at the ladies, or driving on the fashionable thoroughfares, and in the evening dressing for the public entertainments, and attending them. He aims at being "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and has no higher ambition in life, than to be studied and copied as the perfection of dress. He fancies himself a Beau Brummel as to manners, a Count d'Orsay in point of beauty and grace. He may be handsome—we cannot tell—for the immense amount of hair about his face, renders it impossible to distinguish any feature, except a pair of great round eyes, and a short effeminate nose. Occasionally he condescends to smile, and then his white teeth gleam through the mass of hair surrounding the lower part of his face, like lightening from a dark cloud.

Mr. Meredith Fitz Henry, unfortunately sets up for a wit, and his silly speeches are laughed at till he is really deluded into the belief that they are worth repetition.

On entering Mr. Acton's parlor, Mr. Meredith Fitz Henry, with his glass fixed to his eye, stared about him with nonchalence and impudence till at length his attention was attracted by the Vermont cousin, sitting so quietly in the corner, utterly unconscious of his observation.

"Ah! what vision of loveliness and grace is that I see before me?" exclaimed he to Miss Laura Wilson, a very young lady, enjoying her first winter out.

This brilliant speech was greeted with the usual titter by the young lady who was exceedingly flattered by this mark of attention from the perfumed and bewhiskered exquisite.

"Oh, that is a country cousin of the Actons, from Vermont; a farmer's daughter, exceedingly verdant, I assure you," answered the young lady.

"From Vermont! is she? ah well I suppose I must pay Vermont a little attention; I wonder who will lay me under everlasting obligations by giving me an introduction to so fair a creature."

"Oh, I will introduce you," answered Miss Laura in great glee, and then by signs she telegraphed to those near her to draw up to the sofa, as great fun might be expected. Gradually the crowd thickened to that part of the room, all pretending to be engaged about something else, but all eager to hear the witty Meredith Fitz Henry quiz the Vermont cousin.

Herbert Furguson sat quietly looking over a book of plates at a table near the sofa, on which the introduction having now taken place in due form, the perfumed exquisite placed himself with his head thrown back, and his delicate little shining boots thrust out determined to show himself off to his admirers and have some fun out of the unsuspicious country girl.

"Ahem! lately arrived, I believe," said Fitz Henry.

"Yes sir I came yesterday," answered Lucy, very simply.

A few more questions were asked, to which Lucy replied in a perfect lady-like manner thinking all the time that she was conversing with a very soft-pated coxcomb, but being too good natured to let him see how great a fool she thought him. At length the exquisite remarked:

"Everything's green up there in Vermont ain't it?"

This witticism was followed by such a giggle, that Lucy casting her eyes quickly round on the group before her, and seeing the look of eager expectation on almost every face, understood at once the silly fop at her side was intending to make a but of her, for the amusement of the bystanders; brightening up at once, she began to take an interest in the conversation and replied:

"Oh, yes, we have green things there, but I have seen greener ones already since I came to the city."

"No, dew tell!" said the unsuspicious dandy, imitating Lucy's tone of voice; how's wheat neow?"

"Well, wheat's poor," said Lucy, apparently with much interest.

"La, it is now, what's the matter of it."

"Why, they say it all runs to beard this year, and when that is the case, there is little or no head, and if there is, it hasn't anything in it."

A few laughed heartily now who had not laughed before, and Herbert Ferguson laying down his book, fixed his eyes on the Vermont cousin as if he expected some amusement.

The young fop fidgeted and turned red and tapped his little boot with his cane, and laughed a silly laugh, as if he did not know just what to make of the girl, and then said.

"Now I suppose you mean to grace the theatre and opera with your presence don't you?"

No, Lucy said she thought not.

"La! now why not, but perhaps your ma doesn't approve of your going to such places."

"My parents did say they thought I had better not have my mind distracted by such amusements, especially while I was at school."

"Well, it is bad for the mind; I found it so, and pa had to prohibit my going to such places at all."

Here came a perfect shriek of delight from Mr. Fitz Henry's admirers.

"Ah?" answered Lucy, "I should have thought that you were perfectly safe from danger of that kind; did you ever attend a menagerie?"

"No, my pa won't let me go there, either; he keeps me very close."

"Oh," said Lucy, in a patronizing tone, "I shouldn't think that would hurt you. We had a very fine one through our place this fall, and I was perfectly delighted with it."

"Now dew tell! now what did you see?" asked the dandy.

"Why, I saw a baboon dressed up like a man, a regular fop, you know," said she screwing up her eyes and looking at Mr. Meredith Fitz Henry from head to foot, really the likeness was so perfect that I should hardly been able to tell which was which. It was really perfect, cane, eye glass and all; but never imagined that one of the first exhibitions I should see on my arrival in New York City, would be that of a young man endeavering to see how much he could look and act like a baboon."

The room now fairly rang with shouts and screams of laughter; and as soon as he could be heard, Herbert Furguson, who had enjoyed the whole thing mightily, called out:

"Now, Fitz Henry, you had better beat a retreat as soon as possible, for you are only getting deeper into trouble. And the discomfited young coxcomb who had just begun to perceive that he was caught in his own trap, muttered something about another engagement, and sneaked off, all that could be seen in his face being the deepest crimson. From then the Vermont cousin was quite safe from his attacks; indeed he seemed so thoroughly uneasy in her presence that if she even came to the side of the room, which she sometimes did on purpose to tease him, he always found some excuse for changing his seat.

"Why, Lucy, you were rather hard on that poor young man to night," said Mr. Acton to his niece, after the company had retired, "and it must have come harder, because he is accustomed to nothing but adulation from our wise young ladies."

"Well uncle all I can say is he brought it upon himself. It is very unpleasant for me to hurt the feelings of any one, and I was perfectly civil to that young man, though it was something of a piece of self denial to talk to such a poor creature, till I found it was his aim to hold me up to ridicule as an unsophisticated country girl. I thougot it was only fair to turn his own weapons against him."

"I think so too, Lucy, and I rather think it is the last time any one here will attempt to quiz you!"

Helen Acton and Lucy Holmes began school together the next term, at one of first schools of the city, and it was not long before those who had Lucy's education under their care became convinced that in the Vermont young lady they had no ordinary mind to deal with.—She came really to acquire knowledge, whilst most of the girls in the classes with her looked upon their school life as a sort of ordeal which it was necessary to pass before they could come out as young ladies; and spent their time in novel reading trusting to chance or cheating for the manner in which they should acquit themselves in the class.

Lucy applied herself intensely, and soon outstriped all in her classes, and was obliged to go on with her studies by herself. At every examination she was the observed of all observers—excellent in every branch of study, and taking the first prizes in every department; her compositions in particular were regarded as master-pieces, and in short Lucy was the pride of the school.

During the two years of her life in New York, her manners too, had acquired a polish only given by association with people of refinement; and even Julia was proud to introduce cousin Miss Holmes. Lucy's example and assistance to Helen who proved under her influence a very different character from what she would have been if left to the guidance of her gay and fashionable sister Julia. Though inferior in intellect to Lucy, she was still far superior to the superficial young ladies with whom she associated; she really learned to love knowledge for its own sake, and was prepared on leaving school to relish a style of reading more improving than the light, trashy works of the day, which form the only reading of some of our young ladies.—Helen was really a very fine girl and uncommonly attractive and interesting.

During the two years in which Lucy made her home at her uncles, Herbert Furguson was a constant visitor there, and Julia often wondered why he made no declaration. When thinking on the subject she exclaimed, strange! unaccountable! many a time and often during those two years, she wondered that Herbert seemed to talk to Lucy, but still her self-complacancy was never in the least disturbed by the thought of Lucy as a rival.

And throughout those two years, Arthur Holmes who had entered in the junior class at Yale, ranked as high in his class as his sister did in hers. Being a young man of fine principles, as well as splendid intellect, he was determined to show his uncle that he intended to make the most of the advantages he had so kindly furnished him. At the end of two years he graduated with the highest honors, and was immediately offered a distinguished professorship, in another college. Who would now recognise in the easy and elegant Arthur Holmes the diffident young "clodhopper" who had alighted from the stage two years before at his uncle's door.

Helen and Lucy had graduated, the latter taking all the highest prizes, and Helen coming only second best to her, and the next day Lucy was to leave for her Vermont home, when quite early in the morning, at least for visitors, as it was not yet twelve o'clock, in looking from the window Julia saw Herbert Furguson ascending the steps.

"Strange," said she, "he never calls so early and oh dear! I am not dressed! He must have came for some special purpose. And in a flutter of excitement Julia began to arrange her hair. But her hair was arranged and her toilet was completed, and no messenger had come to summon her to the parlor.

Pulling the bell, she called to Thomas and asked him if Mr. Furguson had not called.

"Yes, Miss," answered Thomas.

"And why did you not call me? How could you be so stupid?"

"Because Miss, he asked for Miss Lucy."

"Strange! unaccountable!" exclaimed Julia, as she walked up and down the room her cheeks flushed with agitation; what can he want with Lucy? Perhaps he wishes her to make interest for him with me, or to ascertain my sentiments towards him."

But minutes went by, and Julia exclaimed "strange, unaccountable" a dozen times and yet no one came to her.—Presently her little brother Henry came rushing up stairs, having just come from school.

"Just like me," he exclaimed, "always blundering in when I am not wanted. What must I do but burst into the library and there sat Mr. Furguson on the sofa with his arm around cousin Lucy. They tried to jump away from each other, and look as if nothing was going on, but 'twas no go, I saw through it."

Julia had now more reason to exclaim, "strange, unaccountable!" than ever.—Arthur came for his sister, and Herbert Furguson, too, accompanied them home as her affianced lover, and thus ended Miss Julia's hopes and expectations.

"Isn't it odd, Julia," said Helen one day a few months later. "You were so afraid to have Lucy come lest she should drive Herbert Furguson from the house. She has been the cause of his deserting you to be sure, but not from any dislike to her, or mortification at being connected with her."

"Well, I am sure it is no less strange," answered Julia, "that you also are engaged to that same awkward, shy, "man-cousin," of whom we were both so ashaimed two years ago."

"It only teaches us," said Helen, "not to judge too hastily from first appearances. Who would have thought we should ever have so much reason to be proud of them both?"

Herbert Ferguson and his wife now have one of the most elegant establishments in the city. Arthur and Helen went to Europe directly after their marriage. Arthur having been sent on business for the college with which he was connected, and Julia still lives in single blessedness.

Mr. Meredith Fitz Henry may still be seen any fine day lounging up and down Broadway, at the hour when ladies 'most do congregate' and one of the highest objects of his ambition now is to be able at least to say that he is an invited guest of the elegant and much talked of entertainments of the once ridiculed Vermont cousin.

EARLY ATTACHMENTS.—The attachments of youth rarely ripen into the warm and enduring love of maturity.—Like early spring buds, they are nipped by the frosts of experience, or fade into dim recollections of their transient beauty.

The poetry and beauty of the world are not confined to the country. Is not a promenading panorama of blushing beauties as poetical and lovely as a huge snow-bank or a grove of green trees?-

---

Friendship is the medicine for misfortune, but ingratitude dries up all goodness.

A bleeding finger is more noticed than a bleeding heart.

From the Pitts. Gazette.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THE ATTACK ON MR. SUMNER.—The news of the cowardly attack on Mr. Sumner by a villainous South Carolinian, stirred up a deeper indignation among our citizens, yesterday, than we have ever before witnesses. It was an indignation that prevaded all classes and conditions of men. The assault was so deliberately planned, being made in the presence and under the encouragement of a crowd of bullies, when Mr. Sumner was alone, and unarmed and defenceless, and it was conducted so brutally—fifty blows being inflicted upon an unresisting victim, until the weapon of attack was used up, and not one hand raised among the bystanders to stay the fury of the perfidious wretch, that every feeling of human nature revolts at the exhibition. Barbarians and savages would not be guilty of such unmanliness; and even the vulgar blackguards who follow the business of bruisers and shoulder-hitters would have a far higher sense of fair play than was shown by these patterns of chivalry.

It is time now, to inaugurate a change. It can no longer be permitted that all the blows shall come from one side. If Southern men will resort to the fist to overawe and intimidate Northern men, blow must be given back for blow. Forbearance and kindly deportment are lost upon these Southern ruffians. It were as well to throw pearls before swine as turn one cheek to *them* when the other is smitten. Under the circumstances now prevailing, neither religion nor manhood requires submission to such outrages. Northern men must defend themselves; and if our present representatives will not fight, when attacked, let us find those who will. It is not enough, now, to have backbone; there must be strong right arms, and a determination to use them. The voters of the free States, in vindication of their own manliness will, hereafter, in addition to inquiring of candidates: Will you vote so-and-so, have to enlarge the basis of interrogation, and demand an affirmative answer to the question, Will you fight? It has come to that, now, that Senators and Representatives cannot enjoy the right of free speech or free discussion, without being liable to brutal assaults; and they must, of necessity, arm themselves with sword-canes or revolvers. To think of enduring quietly such attacks as that upon Mr. Sumner is craven and pusillanimous. These cut-throat Southrons will never learn to respect Northern men until some one of their number has a rapier thrust through his ribs, or feels a bullet in his thorax. It is lamentable that such *should* be the case; but it is not in human nature to be trampled on.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. [old fogy.]

To fall upon and cruelly maltreat a man not only without giving him a chance to defend himself, but after you have satisfied yourselves that he is positively helpless—*call you this chivalry?* We beg to call it by another name. It is cowardice and worse than cowardice; for it partakes of the treacherous and fiendish malice of the assassin. That is the plain truth of the matter, Messrs. Brooks and Keitt, and you may make the worst of it. Such conduct merits the loathing and scorn of every honorable, liberal, chivalrous citizen; and it has ours.

We do not remember any event of so personal a character respecting which there was so universal a concurrence of sentiment. One effect of the outrage is very apparent. Gentlemen who have hitherto sympathised warmly with the South, and been ready and unflinching defenders of the constitutional rights appertaining to Southern equally with the Northern states, are discouraged and disconcerted. The common remark is that if the Southern men have no better arguments than fists, canes, knives and revolvers, and are determined to stifle freedom of speech by personal violence and assault—if they are going to show themselves so tyrannical, imperious and overbearing, that any man, not excepting the Legislators of the Republic, who finds fault with a Southern state or a Southern politician, is to be "punished" or "chastised" at the option of any Southern man who chooses to enact the part of a self elected avenger, then it is impossible for republicans and freemen to sympathize with them, or defend them from epithets which they thus prove themselves to merit.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin. [Neutral.]

The House of Representatives seems inclined to shrink from its duty in regard to the shameful scene of ruffianism in the Senate Chamber, on Tuesday last. The resolution for a committee of investigation was only carried by a majority of 25, there having been—strange to say—sixty-eight members who voted to suppress all investigation, and, of course, to let the ruffian go scot free. One member from Philadelphia, Mr. Florence, of the First District, to his shame be it said, was found voting with this minority.

If a Northern member of the House had assailed a Senator in the Chamber, he would have been expelled from his seat at once, and the North as well as the South would have rejoiced at his punishment. We should have advocated such punishment and approved it. But Mr. Brooks is protected by his degree of latitude, and it is considered dangerous to interfere with the fighting propensities of a gentleman of his geography.—Moreover, from the character of the vote in the House, it seems that the right of Congressmen to commit crimes is to be made a party question, and it is to be adopted into the Pierce platform, by way of securing votes at Cincinnati. In no other way can we account for the fact that the Pierce democrats have so generally voted against an investigation.

From the Baltimore American.

The assault committed upon Mr. Sumner in the Senate on Thursday is an act that should be vigorously condemned by men of all parties and of every section of the country. It was a gross and unmanly assault, committed upon an unarmed and unprepared man, under circumstances of peculiar outrage, and as such should everywhere be characterized and condemned. The proceedings in Congress on the subject yesterday, indicate that it was not simply the result of impetuous passion upon the part of one individual, who felt himself personally called upon to revenge the obloquy thrown upon a relative, but that it was a premeditated affair to which other representatives of South Carolina gave countenance. This fact, if proved, will give additional seriousness to the outrage, and impose still more imperatively upon Congress the duty of vindicating its dignity and punishing the offenders.

From the Baltimore Sun, [Neutral.]

It is seldom, perhaps, that a more general feeling of disapprobation has been felt and expressed in regard to a circumstance of the kind, than is called forth on all hands by the outrage and desecration committed by the Hon. Mr. Brooks, of S. C. in his violent assault upon Senator Sumner, in the Senate Chamber, on Thursday last.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

We have had exhibited, during the present session of Congress, two precious specimens of Southern Chivalry. That boasted article amounts to this—a blow from behind. Rust from Alabama attacked HORACE GREELY, knowing that Mr. G. was physically a very weak man—nature having spent altogether more time in finishing of the brain than the arms and legs—that he was near-sighted and that he was totally unarmed. Yet was this Alabama Ruffian coward enough to make his attack without a warning, and with a cane.

BROOKS, the South Carolina coward, squatted like an assassin beside the gate post to the Capitol grounds, to "get in" a blow upon Mr. SUMNER as he should pass; but thwarted in that plan, the Ruffian sneaked into the Senate Chamber, crouched behind the seats until the Chamber was nearly cleared, then coming up behind Senator SUMNER as he was wedged into his seat between a stationary desk and arm chair, dealt his unarmed sitting victim, a deadly blow, and felled him to the floor. This is Southern Chivalry! It is the chivalry of the assassin.

Men who habitually go armed are cowards, arrant cowards, and the custom of carrying deadly weapons, which prevails so extensively at the South, is the offspring of cowardice. The bragart will carry arms, hoping that fact will render his miserable carcass a defence his craven spirit refuses to yield; and he who knows he deserves a castigation and has not the moral courage to defend himself, will carry a pistol that the death of an antagonist may save him, the aggressor, from a flogging. What these men lack in moral courage and true bravery, they strive to supply with powder and ball.

There seems no other way than to meet these ruffians with their own weapons.—True, weapons would be of no avail in such a dastardly assault from behind as BROOKS made upon SUMNER, but it must be understood that Northern men are ready for these fellows. A ball through the brain of that South Carolinian BROOKS would have had greater moral effect than all resolutions of expulsion Congress could pass in a long session.—*Cleveland Herald.*

ON the day of the funeral of Thomas R. Borden, the respectable citizen of Green county, Alabama, who was shot dead in his bed, it was found that his son had decamped with his father's horse and four thousand dollars. He was pursued, arrested, and is doubtless the murderer.

RESCUE OF THE ZANESVILLE MINERS.

Our readers will recollect that we published a notice some three weeks since of the entombment of four coal miners by the caving in of a coal bank, near Zanesville. They remained in their perilous situation for fifteen days, having a supply of food for one day only. The papers in that vicinity contained interesting articles respecting them for two weeks, relating to the progress of their liberation. Large bodies of men, some of them coming from a distance of 20 miles, labored day and night often at the imminent risk of their own lives, and without pay, to liberate them. The National Intelligencer compiles the following graphic account of their rescue:

So narrow was the approach to the spot in which the unfortunate men were cooped up that only eight persons could work at a time, and the further the sap was carried the harder it became. The air of the deep and dank tunnelway they had to excavate was extremely offensive, so that after some days' exertion not a few, looking at the extreme unpropitiousness of the efforts made, advised them to be given up. Happily this advice was not taken, and redoubling their labors, the gallant fellows outside were on the fourteenth day encouraged by signals, faint indeed, but distinct, from within. Replying to this from without, they soon heard their entombed friends raising a hearty "hurrah," which fact, being communicated to the anxious crowd, always waiting outside the excavations, excited repeated and tremendous hurrahs in response. The joy of the crowd took various and most extraordinary methods of expression.

The first intelligible question propounded to the insiders when they had sufficiently neared was this:

"Was any body killed by the caving?' 'None,' said the workmen. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' was heard from within.

"This jubilee of the entombed was reported outside to the crowd, who responded to it by a spontaneous hurrah of their own.

"It seemed that the men had picked their way some twenty feet within the rocky fissure and were enabled to converse pretty freely. The workmen warned them to retire within, as they were in imminent danger. Edgin said he wouldn't budge till they told them what was the day and hour and how long they had been shut in. The workmen told him that he had only been in a week, that it was Friday—deceiving him, as they supposed, for his own good and that of his companions. Edgin then told them to say to their families and friends that if they didn't get out they were ready to die happily, having made their peace with God. Edgin then retired, exclaiming to the workmen most cheerfully, 'We'll go in! Work on boys! May God bless you.'

When at this point a new fall of rock and earth increased the difficulty of the rescuers; but, encouraged by finding their friends within yet alive, redoubled efforts were made, and at one o'clock on Saturday morning three four persons were brought once more into the open air and placed under medical care. Of course they had no idea of the time that had elapsed, for only on the first day had they the benefit of lamplight, every subsequent moment having been spent in utter darkness. Their preservation from the poignancy of excessive hunger, considering that they had but one day's provision, is a feature of much interest in the case. The following explanation of this phenomenon from a Columbus paper would appear to be at once ingenious and satisfactory:

"Notwithstanding these men were thus imbedded in the earth, perhaps their preservation from death by hunger was prevented by that very fact. In the English mines men have lived even sixteen days without food. The very want of light and free circulation of air, the moisture of their tomb, together with the lack of oxygen to carry off the particles eliminated from the body, may have had some effect in preventing that exhaustation which has accompanied hunger in the open air, in arid plains, or on the salt ocean."

A very curious instance of confusion has taken place in a family in Albany. A mother and her daughter were both confined the same day, each having a little son. In the bustle of the moment both babies were placed in one cradle, and to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle, they were unable to tell which was the mother's, and which the daughter's son—a matter which, of course, must ever remain a mystery.—The family is in great distress over the affair.

This may bother the mothers now; but what will the boys do as they grow up—each unable to tell whether he is himself, his uncle, or his nephew.